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FRENCH'S
AFRICAN DRAMA.
NO. 48.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.,

ADAPTED FROM BULWER'S NOVEL.

BY

JOHN BROUGHAM.

*With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes, Relative
Positions, etc. etc.*

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES
IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

CE.

12½ CENTS.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. XLVIII.



NIGHT AND MORNING:

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM BULWER'S NOVEL.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACKS THEATRE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by John Brougham
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

PS 1124
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1856

Costume.—(NIGHT AND MORNING.)

PHILIP MORTON.—*First Dress*: Handsome suit of mourning. 2*d.* Same, but greatly worn. 3*d.* Elegant evening dress. 4*th.* Frogged military coat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots. 5*th.* Undress French uniform, cloak, &c.

GAWTREY.—*First Dress*: Dark blouse, striped trowsers, disguise red wig, and large beard. 2*d.* Blue coat and bright buttons, black velvet breeches, black silk stockings. 3*d.* Black evening dress, white wig. 4*th.* Same as first.

ROBERT BEAUFORT.—*First dress*: Morning dress, black. 2*d.* Full dress.

ARTHUR BEAUFORT.— do. do. do. do.

BLACKWELL.—*First dress*: Plain black dress. 2*d.* Very elegant evening dress.

SYDNEY.—*First dress*: Boy's mourning dress. 2*d.* Velvet tunic, white trowsers.

LILBURNE.—Elegant evening dress, ribbon across vest.

FAVARE.—*First dress*: Gen d'armes uniform. 2*d.* Very rough workman's dress.

BROWN.—Dark livery.

FANNY.—*First dress*: Plain white. 2*d.* Gray silk. 3*d.* White muslin.

MRS. MORTON.—White robe de chambre.

MRS. ROBERT BEAUFORT.—Very splendid evening dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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Cast of the Characters,—(NIGHT AND MORNING.)

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

<i>Gawtrey</i>	Mr. Brougham.
<i>Philip Beaufort</i>	“ Lester.
<i>Sydney</i>	Mrs. Stewart.
<i>Plaskwith</i>	“ W. R. Blake.
<i>Lord Lilburne</i>	Mr. Dyott.
<i>Robert Beaufort</i>	“ Bland.
<i>Arthur Beaufort</i>	“ Stewart.
<i>Blackwell</i>	“ Chippendale.
<i>Favare</i>	“ Stoddart.
<i>Andre</i>	“ Oliver.
<i>Gaspard</i>	“ Peters.
<i>Brown</i>	“ Bernard.
<i>Simpson</i>	“ Burke.
<i>Mrs. Morton</i>	Mrs. Cramer.
<i>Fanny</i>	Miss Rosa Bennett.
<i>Mrs. Beaufort</i>	Mrs. Conover.
<i>Sarah</i>	Miss Carman.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Cottage Library—Sporting pictures, rods, fowling pieces, &c., &c.; an old-fashioned Bureau conspicuous, remains all the Act. BROWN and MR. BLACKWELL, with pen and ink-bottle, taking inventory, discovered.*

Brown. This was my poor master's library, sir, as he called it.

Blackwell. Ah! um! Didn't meddle much with books?

Brown. Not unless they was books of flies for trout fishing, sir, or wetinary ones for the sake of the horses—and to think that one of the hungrateful species could kill him at last! My poor missis, and the young gentlemen—what will become of them?

Black. Bad thing for them! No will! Everything goes to Mr. Robert Beaufort, brother to the deceased gentleman—my most esteemed and excellent principal.

Brown. Everything, sir? Is it possible that there is no provision for the widow and the poor children?

Black. No doubt Mr. Beaufort will do something handsome for *Mrs. Morton*;—that is the name, I believe, the lady went by here?

Brown. For family reasons only, sir; for I never will believe but what my late master was married to her—so lovingly and kindly as they lived together.

Black. [*searching bureau.*] Somewhat unusual confirmation, my friend. You yourself see that we have now searched through every particle of documentary evidence, and can find no shadow of proof that any such marriage existed.

Brown. But doesn't my lady herself tell you that there has, but that the register of the church has been lost or mutilated, the old parson who performed the ceremony dead, and the witnesses not to be found?

Black. The law has incredulous ears, my good sir; besides, it is pretty generally known to have been otherwise, or Mr. Beaufort, who is a most honorable gentleman, would not have taken the course

he has. He comes! Be careful how you speak before him, for he feels his brother's loss keenly, and is very sensitive.

Brown. Hang me if he won't be well paid for his feelings!—an estate worth——

Enter ROBERT BEAUFORT, R. 2 E., followed by a servant with a lighted taper.

Robert [*very disconsolate, white wipe, &c.*] Heigho! Have you nearly completed your melancholy duty, Blackwell?

Black. Yes, Mr. Beaufort; this bureau is the last place where I can find papers.

Robert. Still no sign of a confirmation of Mrs.——

Black. Of Mrs. Morton's allegation? It is needless to say none, Mr. Beaufort.

Robert. Ah! I thought not.

Brown [*aside*]. He *knows* not—the hypoeritical vampyre!—for I heard him a-rummaging all night long!

Robert. It only remains then to affix my seal to this. [*He seals S. L.*] My poor, dear brother!—cut off so suddenly! I feel thirsty. [*To servant.*] Bring me some wine. [*Exit servant, R. 1 E.*] It's a pleasant place, this cottage, Blackwell.

Brown. I should think it was, after the little house in Harley street! [*Aside.*]

Robert. My poor, wilful, noble-hearted, but reckless brother—this was his favorite room! Heigho! Everything puts me in mind of him—its very untidiness and want of order—nothing in its place! I don't like that fellow's looks, Blackwell. [*To BROWN.*] Have you anything to say to me, my fine fellow?

Brown. Not much, sir; but the old servants want to know if they are to remain.

Robert. It would be too much for my sensibility, and that of Mrs. Beaufort. They would be perpetually reminding us of our great loss!

Brown. Beg pardon, sir, but I thought how as it would be 'tother way.

Robert. What do you mean?

Brown. Why, sir, that they would be putting you in mind of your great *gain*. Excuse the remark, sir; Mr. Philip always liked us to say what we meant.

Robert. Perfectly right! I'm not angry. Send him away, Blackwell.

[*Aside to him.*]

Black. Hem! You see, my good man, how he's moved. Leave us for awhile. I shall see that your wages are paid to the day.

Brown. That'll be generous, surely, sir! Oh, I have no doubt but that we'll all get our turn-out in the most genteel way. My poor, dear lady! it isn't much you can hope for from this highly respectable warmint!

[*Exit BROWN.*]

Robert. This is a most agonizing duty, Blackwell! Ah! here's the wine. [*Enter servant, R., with wine.*] Leave it, and be within call. [*Exit servant, R.*] How uncertain is life! [*Takes wine.*] Very good

wine. My poor brother!—he kept a capital cellar. And thus vanishes all sublunary happiness! I think I could take a sandwich. [BLACKWELL goes to door and calls.] I feel greatly for this poor woman, Blackwell, and those young men. They are fine young fellows, especially the eldest, though there is a fiery devil in his eye, which prognosticates evil, thrown upon the world as he now must be.

Black. He's the more likely to get on. As to Mrs. Morton, it certainly would have been a great shock to her had she really been Mr. Beaufort's wife, but I suppose persons of that kind have very little feeling. [*Drinks.*] This is famous wine!

Robert. A tradesman's daughter, was she not, Blackwell?

Black. Certainly; and low, very low, I understand.

Robert. Well, I must make some provision for her, nevertheless. It's a sacred duty I owe to the memory of my unfortunate brother. [*Servant enters, R., with sandwiches.*] Here are the sandwiches. [*Servant leaves them, and exits, R.*] My poor, poor brother!

Black. You have the satisfaction of knowing that no man could have had a more elegant funeral.

Robert. It was, Blackwell, was it not? Ah! what a strange thing it does seem that the form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, should be suddenly thrust out of sight, an abomination that the earth must not look upon, a despicable loathsomeness to be concealed and to be forgotten!

Black. Ah, sir, you have a feeling heart! Let me beg of you to take a sandwich. A mysterious thing is death!

Robert. To think that this same composition of bone and muscle that was but the other day so strong, which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to, should be now so lamentably powerless. Ah! this person, Blackwell, before I leave! But I can not. I have, therefore, in this letter acquainted her with the provision which I intend to make for her and her sons.

Black. It is like you, sir; all heart, feeling and compassion. What is to be done with the cottage? Will you retain it? It is a lovely spot.

Robert. Its very loveliness would keep my memory painfully alive to my bereavement. No. I have sold it to my brother-in-law, Lord Lilburne. Ring for the footman, Blackwell. [BLACKWELL rings bell.]

Black. Ah, sir, your nature is too sensitive—much too sensitive!

Enter FOOTMAN, R. 1 E.

Robert. Is the carriage ready?

Footman. I believe, yes; I don't know, sir.

Black. Blockhead! send Brown here. [*Exit FOOTMAN, R.*] These servants must have been most injudiciously handled.

Robert. More evidences of my poor Philip's carelessness. Did I not order my carriage to be in readiness?

Enter BROWN, R.

Brown. Mr. Philip's horses have been put to Mr. Philip's barouche, sir; but—

Robert. Well, it's all the same now. What do you mean by *but*?

Brown. Why, sir, if I must tell you, there ain't a man or boy about the place is a going to drive them for any one else, that's all.

[*Exit.* R. 2 E.]

Robert. What unparalleled impudence! Clear the place of them all, Blackwell, and without a reference as to character. That will insure them a little wholesome starvation. My poor brother. It is sad to think he could have been so thoughtless. Come, Blackwell, let us leave this melancholy scene. I shall drive myself. It may serve to ameliorate the pain of my suffering. Heigho!

Black. It may; let us religiously hope it will. It's a long drive, and we may as well be provident.

[*Takes all the sandwiches, &c.* Bts. and they exeunt, L. H. 1 E.]

Enter CATHERINE BEAUFORT and BROWN. R. 2 E.

Cath. Gone, say you, Brown? My brother-in-law gone, in the very crisis of my agony, without one word of consolation?

Brown. Gone, madame. He and t'other knave drove themselves off in my late master's barouche!

Cath. In your late master's barouche! What can it mean? Where is my son?

Enter PHILIP. L. 2 E.

Philip. Here, mother, by your side, where I shall ever be, with Heaven's help, to cheer, to guard and comfort you through every change.

Cath. My son! My noble, orphaned son!

[*Goes up and sits at table.* R. H.]

Brown. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid they don't know the worst, nor would I be the one to tell them, for all that they are like to lose. God help them both.

[*Exit.* R. 1 E.]

Philip. Mother, mother!—look up—Oh, pray look up—my heart bleeds to see you!

Cath. Philip, my darling and my pride, oh! should I lose your love, your reverence and respect?

Philip. What mean you, mother?

Cath. I have that to say to you, Philip, which will chill the life-blood in your veins, and yet I was not to blame, and to harbor one harsh thought against the treasure we have both lost, were sacrilege!

Philip. (c) Calm yourself, darling mother! I have strength enough to hear anything, but that which would attain—

Cath. Your name, and pure condition! I knew it!

Philip. Mother, mother! were there doubt of *that*, I would not dare to live!

Cath. But if the doubt were calumny, the accusation false, a foul, malignant lie?

Philip. Then would you have the greater need of my sustaining love! But, mother, speak to me; fear not to tell me all! Who doubts? What accusation do you hint at?

Cath. My boy! my poor, unhappy, and unfriended boy!

Philip. What am I to think? [*Sees letter.*] Here's a letter, directed

to you, mother! Shall I read it to you? It may give you better hope.

Cath. No! no! give it to me!

[*She motions him off a little and reads.*]

Philip. [*Aside.*] What can be the meaning of this great agitation? Ha! an icy bolt shoots through my heart! Am I then the child of shame? Am I—what my soul revolts at and my tongue refuses to name? There's madness in the thought! To have the world's extended finger levelled at me! to meet on every hand a scornful look, and have no right to question, but sneak through life with coward heart, and downward glance, to find the filial love and reverence that fills my soul warped into loathing, or enforced obedience! Oh, heaven pardon me, and pity her, who is, despite of all, my mother!

Cath. [*Much excited.*] This to me!—the insolent! These words to me—the wife—the lawful wife of his brother—the wedded mother of his brother's children!

Philip. Ah! Repeat those words again? Again, mother? His wife? his wedded wife?

Cath. I swear it, Philip! I kept the secret for your father's sake, now, for your's the truth must be revealed.

Philip. Heaven be thanked, we have no brand upon our name! Forgive me, angel mother! oh, forgive me! May I see this letter? I shall read it calmly—quietly—be sure.

Cath. Do, then, my hope, my stay and consolation! Do so, and as heaven has gifted you with the ability, decide for us all.

Philip. [*Reads Letter.*] “Dear Madame:—Knowing that you must be naturally anxious as to the future prospects of your children and yourself, I take the earliest opportunity of apprising you of my intentions. I need not say, that, properly speaking, you can have no kind of claim upon the relations of my late brother.” The slanderous viper! “You will probably reside with your own relatives, and that you may not be entirely a burthen to them, I shall allow you a hundred a year.” My poor, dear mother! “Your sons, if you wish it, I shall apprentice to such trades as may be suitable to their future station.” Patience, heart! I would he were standing here, mother! “It will probably be painful to you, to remain at a place so crowded with unpleasant recollections. I beg to enclose you a draft for £100 for present expenses, and to request, when you are settled, to know where the first quarter shall be paid.” Oh, mother, mother, this is hard to bear! You must refuse this man's charity, [*Tears draft.*] whether we obtain our right or not. I am strong and active; I will work for you night and day! I have it in me, I feel it, anything rather than eating his bread!

Cath. Philip, you are indeed my son, your father's son. And have you no reproach for your mother, who so weakly, so criminally concealed your birthright till, alas! discovery may be too late! Oh reproach me, reproach me, it would be kindness! Do not embrace me! I cannot bear it! Boy! boy! if, as my heart tells me, we shall fail in proof, do you understand what, in the world's eye, I am, and what you are?

Philip. I do! Whatever others may call you, you are a mother, and I, your son! in the judgment of Heaven you are my father's Wife, and I his heir! But come, mother, we must bestir, for I see we shall have not only a heartless, but a crafty enemy to contend against. The minister who married you, surely he—

Cath. Alas! he is dead.

Philip. But there were witnesses,—a Register?

Cath. They have equally disappeared; but this I know, Philip, your poor father kept an attested copy.

Philip. Huzza! then, that will satisfy all. It must be somewhere amongst his papers.

Cath. My poor boy! I have vainly looked for that copy, everywhere where there was a slightest possibility of its being placed.

Philip. Not thoroughly; you may have overlooked it. We will search again, together.

Cath. We dare not.

Philip. Dare not, mother?

Cath. Do you not see that Mr. Robert Beaufort's seal is upon every desk and drawer in the house?

Philip. And what if there be? Mother, listen to me. In the pursuit of that which would establish your honor, were there a seal on Mr. Robert Beaufort's heart, and I thought the guilty knowledge there concealed, I'd rend it open, as I do this.

[*Tears down leaf of bureau, and searches among papers, &c.*]

Cath. You know not what you do. Desist, I pray you, Philip! I tremble at the penalty you may incur. Philip, I hear a footstep.

Philip. Were it a demon's, I should defy it; but it is an angel's—my brother Sydney.

Enter SYDNEY, R. 2 E., (a young fair-haired boy.)

Sydney. Dear, dear mamma! I have been looking for you; I am afraid, when I'm alone. Why do you weep so? I don't like to see you vexed. What is it, dear mamma?

Cath. My beautiful one—you are too young to know the heart-wreck that has occurred within these walls! What—oh! what will become of you, my darling; so fragile, and so all unfitted to contend against the blows of rude adversity? my rose-bud will wither!

Philip. [*at desk.*] I will be at his side, mother; fear not.

Syd. They say that I musn't ride my beautiful pony any more, mamma. Why is that?

Cath. Speak to him, Philip, or my heart will break.

Syd. Have I made you weep, mamma? Oh, I love you too much for that. There, let me kiss you—I won't say another word about the pony. [*kisses her.*]

Philip. Not a vestige of the proof we seek, and my heart, but now so full of hope, is dead within me. [*aside.*]

Cath. No sign of the copy, Philip?

Philip. Not yet, dear mother; but I don't despair. I shall not leave a nook or cranny in the house unvisited; it must be somewhere here, you know, unless *he stole it—aye, stole it.* The smooth, dis-

sembling knave, who would take advantage of an accident, to despoil you of name and honor, would scarcely hesitate to make his villany sure by a safe and secret theft. Come, mother, have a heart; we will confront our antagonist boldly. To give up *all*, without a struggle, would be only to acquiesce by silence in the calumny. Have a heart then, dear mother, for the lawful sons of *Beaufort* were never born to beg their bread. Put your trust in *Him*, who never forsook the widow and the orphan; and under Him in me—in me.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Elegant drawing-room in ROBERT BEAUFORT'S house.*—
ROBERT BEAUFORT, ARTHUR, LORD LILBURN, MRS. BEAUFORT, and
BLACKWEL, *discovered*.

Lord L. [L. of R. table.] What absorbing study occupies my dear sister's attention?

Mrs. B. (R.) Don't disturb me, Lilburn, I'm choosing a bonnet.

Lord L. A million of pardons! That is a weighty concern, indeed. What news from Thorndale, Robert?

Robt. [at table, up stage, L.] Capital news, Lilburn. Blackwell informs me that the rents will bear raising two per cent.

Lord L. Excellent news for your tenantry.

Mrs. B. I don't think it at all becoming, although quite the fashion.

Lord L. What, to tax the laborer to his uttermost capacity? Well, I believe it is.

Mrs. B. What are you talking about? You're a dreadful plague.

Lord L. By the way, Robert, what became of those people, the Mortons? Did they not bring some frivolous suit?

Robert. A most vexatious and indefensible one, which, thanks to my good friend and counsellor, Blackwell, has been just decided. It is really at an end, is it not?

Black. For ever, Mr. Beaufort, after two years delay, and of course to the loss of every available thing that the obstinate woman possessed, which made the result comparatively easy, the case is definitively decided, and you will be troubled no more.

Mrs. B. Poor people. I pity them. But what could persons of their caste expect?

Arthur. (L. c.) And what are those unfortunates to do, father?

Robert. It is quite immaterial to me what they do. They will accept nothing from me or mine.

Black. And it would be most injudicious to offer any thing. It might only re-open litigation.

Robert. And what should I have to fear from that?

Black. Oh, nothing! But Christian charity should interfere to prevent their throwing away what little means they might procure.

Mrs. B. What has become of that dark-featured, gipsy-looking young man? I declare, the first time I saw him, his eyes glared upon me as though they belonged to a snake.

Black. I believe his proud heart had to bend to circumstances at last. I saw him a few days back, immediately after the righteous decision which banished every hope from him and his perverse parent, and nobody would have known him for the proud boy he was two years ago. He looks ten years older, gaunt and care-worn.

Lord L. What can he do? Brought up in luxury and criminal idleness, he ought to make away with himself, in justice to society.

Black. All things considered, it would be a mercy if he did.

Arthur. And poor Sydney, what has become of him?

Black. Very well taken care of, I have no doubt. Learning a good substantial trade amongst his mother's relatives.

Arthur. I pity them from my soul, father. You know how dearly my uncle loved them; and surely they, at least, are guiltless.

Robert. Arthur, I am ashamed of you. To sympathize with people who for so long a time have harassed me with vexatious and unnecessary litigation. Besides, sir, did they not insolently spurn my generous offer of assistance? You would not subject me to another such insult?

Lord L. It would be perfectly parricidal, Arthur.

Arthur. But if you knew, father, that this wretched family was in the most perilous extremity of distress, the mother dying in penury, without the poor consolation of her children's presence?

Mrs. B. For gracious sake, Arthur, don't agitate my nerves with such a ridiculous picture. Lord L., hand me the vinaigrette.

Lord L. Exquisite sensibility.

Arthur. Father, I appeal to you.

Robert. I'm busy now, Arthur. I am projecting great improvements at Lord L.'s country seat. Come, Blackwell.

[*Exit with BLACKWELL, C. D.*]

Arthur [*rises*]. The very place where my dead uncle, the founder of your grandeur, father, taught those boys to suppose that their lives should be easy, and as careless as his own.

Lord L. It's no use, Arthur. The wand of Midas has touched the heart of the family.

Arthur. [*To Mrs. B., who comes down, R.*] You will refute this calumny. It cannot be that a mother should invoke a mother's aid and sympathy in vain. Place the picture I have drawn before your memory—cold, hunger, wretchedness.

Mrs. B. Nonsense, child; I don't believe there's any such thing. People put them in newspapers just as they write them in stage-plays, only to lacerate one's feelings.

Arthur. What if I were to tell you, mother, that the description comes not within a tithe part of the melancholy reality; that I know it to be so? [*She weeps*] Those tears do you honor. Let me then go—?

Mrs. B. [*weeps.*] What a brute you are, Arthur; an ungrateful, undutiful, savage creature! You know how hysterical I am, and

what an Æolian thing my sensibility is—the slightest breath vibrates through my delicate system. What heart-pangs it cost me when poor Fidelle had the dyspepsia; and what quantities of tears I shed when Minny, my favorite cat's progeny was consigned to a watery grave; and yet you insist upon harrowing me with such goblin stories!

Arthur. Mother; let me not believe that every natural impulse is dead within you; but for a single instant place yourself in this deserted creature's situation.

Mrs. B. If I did, Arthur, I should exert myself, and not dawdle about in idleness. Come, help me to the door [*ARTHUR passes behind to R.*], and don't chill the atmosphere with your freezing breath. *Au revoir*, Lord L. I must really do something desperate to recover my spirits. You naughty boy, don't attempt to agitate my sensibilities to such a frightful extent again. [*Exit R. 1 R.*]

Lord L. Your mother's right, Arthur. Wealthy philosophy should always exorcise the evil spirits of poverty from their own circle. Besides you shouldn't indulge in such grievous exaggeration.

Arthur. (*R.*) But, my dear uncle, this is true.

Lord L. The greater reason for you to forget it. Interfering between people and their destinies, is like coming between man and wife, you are sure of something unpleasant for your pains.

Arthur. [*Crosses to L.*] Ah! there's my horse. I must go, uncle, at once.

Lord L. Where?

Arthur. To visit Mrs. Morton. It is not an hour since I first discovered her destitute condition. Oh! would that I had known it before. Honor, duty, common humanity, demand it. [*Exit L.*]

Lord L. Ah! my young friend, a few years' experience, and a few twinges of gout will soon check such headlong benevolence!

[*Exit L., limping. He has been wounded in a duel.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of PLASKWITH'S house. Busts and pictures of Napoleon all about. C. D. backed with part of bookseller's shop. Very small way of business.*

Enter PLASKWITH, C., from shop. He has a Napoleonic head.

Plask. Pooh! Napoleon himself, my illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten prototype, never encountered more fatigue than I encounter at my own counter! Ha! that's not bad—do for the club to-night—put that down. This young chap, Morton, is no use whatever. He'll never be able to understand the intricacies of book-selling; in fact, his mind runs after too many things ever to become *stationary*. Ha! pretty good, that! I wish somebody heard it—put that down. Poor Morton! I can't turn him away, either, from very pity! He gets nothing, and don't eat much, therefore he's not very expensive—but no soul for trade. Never be worth his salt as a *seller*! Another good one! Ten o'clock! Morton, shut up, you can do *that* without a blunder; and bring me the till! Ha! ha! The mistakes the fellow makes are laughable: an elderly lady asked the

other day, for the Rev. Ebenezer Brimstone's "Evangelical Discoveries," he hands her a bundle of lucifer matches! lost her custom of course! ah! here he comes!

Enter PHILIP, very poor in appearance. PLASKWITH takes till and counts money.

Plask. Pretty good days' work. I'll count it by and bye. If anybody calls, I'm going to dress for the club. [*Going, c.*]

Philip. One moment, sir, if you please. I want to ask you a question.

Plask. What is it?

Philip. How long am I to remain with you, sir, without a—a—salary?

Plask. Salary! *Wages*, you mean? Why, until you have learned something of your trade. Haven't you every comfort, your board and your bed? What can you want with money?

Philip. Give me less comfort, sir, that I may be enabled to give my mother more. It is not for myself I beg, but for her! Give me a little money, sir, ever so little, and take it out of my board. I can do with one meal a day.

Plask. Can you? Ecod! you'll never fill out upon that, and your bones seem to be pretty bare now. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do; apply yourself diligently to business, and after a few weeks I'll allow you five shillings a week, and I shan't curtail your allowance either.

Philip. Oh! sir, I thank you! I thank you from the bottom of my heart!

Plask. Then that's settled, although you couldn't at first see the resemblance, you can now though, can't you?

Philip. Resemblance? which, sir? where?

Plask. Which, sir, where? look around you, now look at this! [*Takes snuff à la Napoleon, and crosses to R.*]

Philip. Sir, I never saw the emperor.

Plask. Never mind, sir, you see him now. Not only a physical, but a moral similitude, sir. Straightforward, short, to the point, determined. [*Crosses L.*]

Philip. Very likely, sir.

Plask. Certainly. Knew you'd acknowledge it at last. You shall be my *Murat*—very like him, especially about the hair. Put my wife's furred pelisse on your shoulders, and her muff on your head you'd be complete. Sort of a young growing *Hercules* in fancy costume. Talking of *Hercules*, mustn't forget the *Club*! not bad, that, eh? ha! ha! another! I shall be brilliant to-night. [*Exit L.*]

Philip. A little longer, yet a little longer, heart! Mother, dear mother, it is for your sake I swallow down the loathing that rises to my throat, and tame my fiercer ambition to this soul-slavery! Ah! little did I think, when, in boyhood I felt the first delight of freedom and adventure, when rejoicing in the wild but manly luxury of independence, I felt a very *Crusoe*, fancying a *Friday* in every footprint, an island of my own in every field, that I so soon in life should be thus dungeoned!

[*A knock at centre door; PHILIP opens it. Enter GAWTREY. They advance.*

Gaw. [*smoking*]. Mr. Plaskwith visible? No; never mind, I'll wait. Warm evening!

Philip. Very! Be so good as to smoke in the other direction.

Gaw. Ho, ho! you don't take to the pipe yet, eh! You will, by and by, when you've known the cares and anxieties that I have gone through. Great soother, sir! pleasant comforter! Blue devils fly before its honest breath; it ripens the brain, it opens the heart! Sir, the man who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan! Why do you look so solemnly at me? Not introduced, eh? Ceremonious—ha! ha! Or do I puzzle you, as I have done many? I'll venture a wager that you can't read me as easily as I can read you. Shall I guess at your character and circumstances? I don't mean it impertinently, upon my soul I don't! I'm not a bad fellow to those I take a liking to. But now to my guess. You're a gentleman, that I can tell by your voice; and poor, devilish poor—that the hole in your coat informs me. You are proud, fiery, discontented, and unhappy—all *that* I see in your face. It is because I see those signs that I speak to you. I volunteer no acquaintance with the happy!

Philip. I dare say not, sir; for if you know all the unhappy, you must have a sufficiently large acquaintance.

Gaw. Witty, by the Lord! Pray, what is your calling, if the question don't offend you?

Philip. Nothing.

Gaw. More's the pity! I thought, at the first glance, that you were a raw recruit in the camp of the enemy.

Philip. Enemy! I don't understand you.

Gaw. In other words, a plant growing out of a lawyer's desk. I will explain. There is one class of spiders, industrious, hard-working octopedes, who, out of the sweat of their brain, make their own webs and catch their own flies; there's another class who have no stuff in them wherewith to make webs, and therefore wander about looking out for food provided by the toil of their neighbors, eating up their weaker brethren, and then quietly possessing themselves of all the legs and wings they find dangling about. These spiders *I* call enemies—the world calls them *lawyers*!

Philip [*abstractedly*]. Yes, sir—I—pardon me, I was thinking.

Gaw. [*aside*]. The poor fellow does look pale; perhaps the smoke was too much for him. [*Empties pipe.*] His cheek is hollow—how do I know but it may be with fasting? Thinking! Ah! perhaps of home, and the butterflies he ran after when he was an urchin! They never come back, those days—never, never! [*Aloud.*] Are you ill, my lad?

Philip. No, no; but I thank you for your kindness in asking me.

Gaw. You have had but little kindness shown to you, my poor fellow, if you think so much of this! You are ill—you must take care of yourself. Here, here's a sovereign for you.

Philip. I don't want money—nay, that's false—I do, but dare not

accept it as a charity. I cannot, will not beg! Could I obtain some more congenial employment——

Gaw. Employment? Why, I could—no, not from me. Be advised, take the employment offered you, no matter how trifling the wages. Keep out of harm's way. Is this Mr. Plaskwith?

Philip. Yes.

Enter PLASKWITH, L. II.

Gaw. [to *Plask.*] My business with you, sir, is brief. Happening to be in a house where a poor, dying woman wished a letter to be conveyed to you, I volunteered. There's the letter, and my mission is at an end. Farewell, my lad, and better fortune to you! [*Exit c.*]

Plask. 'Tis directed to me, but the inclosure is to you, Morton.

Philip. Ha! my mother!—for me! My eyes are dizzy—I can't see the letter! [*Reads rapidly.*] My mother dying! Great Heavens, support me! Perhaps without the necessaries of life! Sir, sir, did you not hear me?—my mother! She is poor—starving, perhaps! Money—money! Lend me—give me—I must have money! I will work for you all my life for nothing, but let me take something to her!

Plask. It will be “Your money or your life,” next, I suppose, you young highwayman!

Philip. Are you human? Shall I go empty-handed? I tell you my mother is dying! Give me money!

Plask. That is not the way to speak to me, sir! You forget yourself!

Philip. Oh, heaven! at such a moment, heartless. Forgive me. Oh! let me implore you—beg—anything. I will grovel at your feet—become your menial—servant—slave; only advance me a small sum.

Plask. Not a shilling, sir—not a penny. Talk to me in such a style—to me! You can go and see your mother, if you like. How do I know but that it's all a sham? Come—don't look as if your eyes were daggers, or I'll scream for help. Go away; don't come near me, you savage-looking reprobate! [*Runs out.*]

Philip. You, who demand my bones and blood, my body and soul—a slave to your vile trade. Do you deny me bread for a mother's lips? Ha! [*sees the box of silver.*] Here's money! heaps of money! Ha, ha, ha! [*grasps a handful of silver.*] What is that? a sound, as though the arch fiend had uttered a yell of joy over a fallen soul! No, no, no! Mother, not even for you.

[*Dashes money on ground, and rushes out.*]

SCENE III.—a very poor bed-chamber—CATHERINE in chair, very weak—ARTHUR on his knees beside her—stage dark

Arthur. No consciousness yet? Too late—too late. Ah! she turns her dim eyes upon me, but knows me not. Will my father never come? Heaven grant she may forgive him, and all, for this most terrible neglect! She looks again! You do not remember me; I am Arthur—Arthur Beaufort. [*She starts, looks, and falls back.*] Good

Heavens! why do I see you here? I believed you with your friends—your children provided for as it became my father to do.

Cath. Your father—your father was unlike my beloved Philip, but I see things differently now. For me, all bounty is too late—but my children—to-morrow they will have no mother. The law is with you, but not justice; you will be rich and powerful. Will you protect my children?

Arthur. Through life, so help me, Heaven! [*Kneeling by chair.*] Ah! a happy smile is playing on her lips—it rests there. Oh, terrible, most terrible. She is dead!!

Robert. [*Without.*] Arthur, are you here?

[*ARTHUR goes to door, F. L.*

Enter ROBERT.

Robert. My son! how you alarmed me. Why have you sent for me? What place is this? Where are we?

Arthur. [*Pointing to CATHERINE.*] In the presence of death! in the presence of her, whom your brother so loved, and who died but now in this squalid room—died of a broken heart, unsolaced even by the presence of her children. Was that well, father? Have you in this nothing to repent?

Robert. [*Face in his hands, and moved.*] I did not know—I—

Arthur. But we should have known. Weep, father; and while you weep, think of reparation. My task is done—I leave you alone with the dead! [*Exit, L. D. F.*

Robert. No, no, Arthur; I cannot endure it. Don't leave me, Arthur. He does not hear me. Oh! this is fearful!

[*Buries face in his hands.*

Enter PHILIP, L. D. F., wild and haggard.

Philip. Ha! too late, too late! [*ROBERT looks up, PHILIP confronts and glares at him.*] She is dead! dead!—and in your presence. Dead with grief—perhaps with famine; and you have come to look upon your work.

Robert. No, no, I have but just arrived—I came in search of another.

Philip. You did *not* then come to relieve her? You had not learned her suffering and distress, and flown hither in the hope that there was yet time to save her. You did not do this? Ha, ha! why did I think it? Mother, mother! do not leave me—wake, and smile once more upon your son. I would have brought you money, but I could not have asked you for your blessing then. Mother, I ask it now. [*Kneeling.*

Robert. If I had but known—if you had but written—but my offers have been refused.

Philip. [*Starts up.*] Offers of a hireling's pittance to her, for whom my father would have coined his heart's blood into gold. My father's wife! His wife! [*Folds his arms and regards ROBERT fiercely.*] Mark me! you hold the wealth that I was trained from the cradle, to consider my heritage. I have worked with these hands for bread, and

never complained, except to my own heart and soul. I never hated, and never cursed you, *robber*, as you were. Aye, robber! despoiler of the orphan, and derider of human love. You are not less a robber, though the law fences you round, and men call you honest. Now, in the presence of my dead mother—now, I abhor and curse you—doubly, trebly curse you! The curse of the widow and the orphan shall cling to you, and yours. It shall gnaw your heart in the midst of splendor—it shall cleave to the heritage of your son—there shall be a death-bed yet, beside which you shall see the spectre of her, now so calm, rising for *retribution* from the grave! And now, begone, my father's brother! Begone to your luxurious home—usurp not the sacred privilege which I alone possess. Leave me, leave me, I say! [*Exit ROBERT, D. F. L.*] My mother! my mother!
 [*Flings himself on his knees.*]

SLOW MUSIC AS CURTAIN DESCENDS.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Church-yard scene—Moonlight—PHILIP discovered standing near mound—SYDNEY (in cloak) with him.*

Philip [*placing SYDNEY on stone*]. Sit there, Sydney, for a moment. [*Goes back to his mother's grave.*] Mother, mother, I have come to repeat my oath that I will be faithful to the charge you have entrusted to your wretched son! I *will* be to your beloved Sydney a father, as well as a brother! I *will* put my stout heart against the world, to screen him from its malice! Oh, may thy spirit of love and forethought, and vigilance, enter into me, and fit me for the task!

Syd. It's cold here, dear Philip. Won't you take me home to mamma?

Philip. Listen to me, Sydney. We cannot go back to our dear mother; I will tell you *why*, later. We are alone in the world—we two: if you will come with me, Heaven help you, for you will have many hardships; we shall have to work and drudge, and you may be cold and hungry, and tired very often, Sydney. Hush, there's a footstep!

Enter BLACKWELL and ARTHUR, U. E. L.

Black [*aside*]. There he is. How well I understand human nature. I knew I should find him here.

Arthur. Speak to him. Tell him how anxious we are to assist.

Black. Hold, Mr. Morton, one moment.

Philip. Well, sir, what seek you of me?

Black. Mr. Beaufort is desirous of offering you—

Philip. Silence, sir. Go back and tell your employer to remember our last interview.

Arthur. Philip, turn and listen to me. If you knew how anxiously I have sought you——

Philip. And why have you dared to hunt me out? Why must this insolent tyranny betray and expose me and my wretchedness wherever I turn?

Arthur. Your poor mother——

Philip. Name her not. With the dead clay beneath your very feet—talk not of the mercy a Beaufort could show to her and to her offspring. I believe it not. You follow me because your vain, hollow, heartless father fears me—aye, fears me. My last words ring in his ears. Arthur Beaufort, I will receive nothing from you or yours. Were you tree the gibbet, and to touch your hand could alone save me from it, I would scorn your aid; and the very thought fires my blood. Will a Beaufort give me back my birthright, restore my dead mother's fair name? Sleek, dainty, luxurious minion, out of my path! You have my fortune, my station, and my rights—I have but poverty, hatred and disdain.

[*Going.* *The officer rises and goes off* L. after PHILIP.

Arthur. Philip, hear me! Who stood by you when——?

Enter PLIMMINS and OFFICERS, U. E. L.

Plim. There he is. There's the man that robbed old Plaskwith's till. [PLIMMINS attempts to take PHILIP. PHILIP knocks him down.

Philip. Brother, follow me.

[*Exit* L. 1 E., followed by PLIMMINS. SYDNEY is about to follow, when BLACKWELL stops him.

Black. A moment, young gentleman—you are too young to reflect on the consequences of this moment. With him, penury, crime and wretchedness will be your portion—with us, affluence, content and joy.

Syd. I don't know what you mean—I must go with my brother.

Arthur. Be advised, dear Sydney—you shall be loved and petted—not a wish ungratified—you shall ride in a carriage, and have your pony.

Syd. Oh! shall I? How good you are. But can't Philip come with me?

Black. Yes, yes, promise him anything, so that we remove him from such terrible companionship. [They lead him off, R. H.

Re-enter PHILIP, U. E. L.

Philip. Sydney, Sydney, why didn't you follow me? Ah! my brother, where is he? Arthur Beaufort here—I see it all—they have taken him from me, but I will follow him to the world's end.

[*Exit* R. 1 E. *The OFFICERS enter* L., and run across and exit R., in pursuit.]

Enter GAWTREY, R.

Gaw. Aye! aye! aye! there's the brutal world at its favorite pastime, hunting unfriended misfortune, until exhausted with the pitiless chase, it sinks too often at the door of the jail, or the foot of the gallows. [Voices L. II., Follow! follow! Cries louder.] They come

this way. Surely I know that face and form. 'Tis the young fellow whose savage grandeur so impressed me at that foolish bookseller's. I must try and save him—that brow of his is not the page of crime.

[*PHILIP runs on: GAWTREY intercepts him.*]

Philip. What are you—a spy?

Gaw. Pshaw! no.

Philip. Save me. You remember me?

Gaw. I do. Follow me—quick—this way.

[*They enter house. Cries of "Follow," &c., kept up until scene has changed, and then noise of footsteps heard passing behind F., in pursuit, and cries continued, gradually dying away in the distance.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of GAWTREY'S house—Very poor—GAWTREY and PHILIP discovered.*

Gaw [*listens*]. They have passed by, and you are safe. Now, sit down—eat something—you look—I mean, you must be hungry. Here's the remains of our little supper—not much, to be sure, but add a hearty welcome to it, and it may make a sufficient meal.

Philip. I thank you, but I cannot eat.

Gaw. What's your name? Have you done anything that old Dame Justice may not squint at? I knew you hadn't; I said so. No matter if you had. Can I help you in any way? You know me, don't you?

Philip. (R.) Yes, but these disguises.

Gaw. (L.) I'm somewhat changed in appearance? Hush! don't speak loudly about that; my darling Fanny, a daughter, sleeps, but she might wake; and for the wealth of worlds, I would not that she —; but never mind. Are you afraid to trust me? What are you thinking about?

Philip. I am thinking how strange it is that you, so poor yourself, should be so kind to me in my distress.

Gaw. Not at all strange. Ask the beggar whom he gets the most pence from, the fine lady in the carriage, or the ragged pedestrian, who gazes on it with envy. Pish! the people nearest to beggars themselves, keep the beggars alive. Come, be frank with me, as I am with you. I know what's passing in your mind. You are trembling at the power over your future life and actions, which may be swayed by one whom you might regard as a benefactor, yet distrust as a guide.

Philip. Gawtreys, I know nothing yet of the world, except its dark side; but as you alone have been kind to me, it is to your kindness, like a first affection, that I cling, and yet——

Gaw. You would rather know more of me before you give me your whole confidence. Then, to speak fairly, I don't live exactly within the pale of the law, but I am not a villain. I never plundered my friend, and called it play. I never murdered my friend, and called it honor. I struggle with fortune *voilà tout*, as I told you before. I am a Charlatan—so is every man who strives to be richer or greater than he is. My bread and cup are at your service. I will try and keep you unsullied, as I do one other, even by the clean dirt that now and then sticks to me. It is no reason that you should be a sin-

ner, because I am not a saint. In fine, my life is that of a great schoolboy, getting into scrapes for the fun of it, and fighting my way out as best as I can! Will you see how you like it?

Philip. Your hand, Gawtrey! There's a wild promise of adventure in your companionship that charms me!

Gaw. [*Aside.*] Philip, there's a chain of sympathy between us, which, as yet, you're not aware of. Oh! these Beauforts! I have a long account to settle with them!

Philip. How have they injured you?

Gaw. Injured me!—I'll tell you. One of them has stood between my soul and Heaven's gate! Lilburne, you know him? I must be brief, for I dare not dwell upon the hideous subject! He and I were youths together: I loved, Philip—the girl was beautiful; I thought she loved me—perhaps she did! I was fool enough to speak to him of her,—of Mary!—it ended in her seduction! I discovered the treachery, and called out the seducer. He sneered, and refused to fight the low-born adventurer! I struck him to the earth, and then we fought. I was satisfied by a ball through my side; but he—he was a cripple for life. When I recovered, I found that my foe had taken advantage of my illness to ruin my reputation,—society cast me off when I was innocent! Ha! ha! I've had my revenge on society since!

Philip. But the poor girl?

Gaw. Ha! ha! yes, you shall hear about the poor girl. We are told of victims of seduction dying in a workhouse, penitent, broken-hearted, and extremely sentimental; it may be a frequent case, but it is not the worst. It is worse when the dupe becomes in her turn the deceiver. Mary became this—her lover polluted her soul, as well as her beauty. She had a daughter, whom—horror on horrors—she would have trained to follow in her own career of infamy. I found her out, and saved her. The girl is here, and you shall see her. Poor Fanny! if ever the devil will let me reform, it will be for her sake. I must get grist for the mill. Hark! she's stirring. Philip, there is something I fear—it gives me great uneasiness—and that is, that she is somewhat deficient here. [*Touches his forehead.*] Watch her closely, and tell me if you think so.

Enter FANNY, R. 2 E.

Fanny. Dear, dear father! You here? Is it night or day? I'm not certain.

Gaw. It is day to my heart always, when you are near me, my darling; but here is a friend of mine, Fanny; I want you to like him.

Fanny. Oh yes, with all my heart and soul, if he is your friend! Fanny will love you, if he wishes it. But tell me, is it night yet? It's very long, this night—I don't like it.

Gaw. It is night, darling, don't you see the moon?

[*Running over to R. corner.*

Fanny. No, no, I don't like to look at the moon; it gives me a pain here.

[*Presses her forehead.*

Gaw. [*Aside to PHILIP.*] You hear *that*, Morton?

Fanny. [*Crosses c. Suddenly to PHILIP.*] Did you come from the moon? I don't like you, if you did.

Philip. No, poor orphan; I am a brother in sorrow.

Fanny. Oh, I am glad of that, I did so want a brother! Are you my brother? Then poor Fanny will love you for ever and ever. But will you sing to me, and make my heart happy, as my sister does?

Philip. Your sister! Have you——?

Fanny. There she is; [*points to cage;*] but she's jealous now. I'll tell you something, but I don't want her to hear it. That great, ugly, cross moon, frightens her, just as it does me, and my little sister won't sing when it's looking at her.

Gaw. Why do you call the bird your sister?

Fanny. I don't know. Isn't she? Don't you love the bird? Don't you love poor Fanny?

Gaw. Ah! you know I do!

Fanny. You'll have no other—nothing else to love?

Gaw. No other, Fanny; no, nothing under heaven, and, perhaps, above it.

Fanny. That's a dear, good father. Now, I *know* it's night, for Fanny is getting sleepy again. I would like to stay with you and my sister—no, I mean the bird and my brother, but the cruel moon closes Fanny's eyes. Good night, dear father. Good night, brother.

Gaw. Good night, darling. [*She sings couplet, and exits.*] What say you, Morton? Do you think she is, really? No, no, she will out-grow it; I know she will. You think so, don't you?

Philip. I *hope* so. She is a most interesting girl.

Gaw. Is she not a darling? Something whispers to me that you will have the power to befriend her when I am off life's roll. Will you promise me that, even should I leave her penniless?

Philip. Gawtreys, I will.

Gaw. You will? Huzza! Then Fate, I defy you! God bless you, Morton, and whatever may happen to me, I will strive and keep you harmless, and what's more, untainted by the wild companionship you may encounter. But now, to speak of your own prospects. What say you to going with me to Paris? Fanny and I leave tomorrow. There's a glorious ferment in society there—something advantageous must boil up to the surface.

Philip. If my brother Sydney would accompany me, I should not hesitate an instant. Ah! if I knew where to seek for him!

Gaw. I'll tell you—at Mr. Robert Beaufort's splendid drawing-room. He gives a grand fête this evening, and your fortunate brother, depend upon it, is the newest pet of that no-hearted crew, to be crammed and caressed, until, in turn, deposed by some poodle dog or parrot.

Philip. Could I but see him—were it only for a moment.

Gaw. Then why don't you?

Philip. What a foolish question. Why? because my uncle's pampered lacqueys would drive me from the door.

Gaw. In your present garb, most likely; but you forget that I

have a wardrobe of the greatest variety. Egad! I am in a humor to seek amusement. I'll go with you.

Philip. I will see him, whatever be the result.

Gaw. We shall see. Allons.

[*Exeunt, D. F.*]

SCENE IV.—*Drawing-room at BEAUFORT'S—Ante-room brilliantly lighted—MRS. BEAUFORT discovered arranging SYDNEY'S hair, &c.—ARTHUR and CAMILLA also discovered—A waltz.*

Mrs. B. There, now, does he not look enchanting? Oh, my dear Arthur, I'm so much obliged to you for bringing me this beautiful boy! Since the lamentable death of my sweet Fidelle, I have not seen anything that has pleased me so much. What did you say your name was?

Syd. Sydney, ma'am; my brother's name is Philip.

Mrs. B. Yes. I know, but we don't want to hear any thing about him. He's a very bad young man, not at all fit society for you, my darling cupid! He associates with wretched people, and is altogether an exceedingly unpleasant person to any one of delicate nerves. There, now, go and join the company. I think I can bear the fatigue of going once through the rooms before I retire.

Enter LILBURNE and ROBERT BEAUFORT, C.

Robert. Ah, Lilburne, you look animated! what has happened?

Lord L. Haven't you heard? why that young scoundrel, Morton, has justified all our prognostics. The fellow will be transported, if not hanged!

Mrs. B. Bless me! how agitated I am! Has he killed any one? Is he a pirate? He looks the very image of a buccaneer!

Robt. (c.) He has robbed his employer of an immense amount, I understand.

Lord L. After having severely wounded the unfortunate man, and set fire to his house!

Mrs. B. I'm sure it will make him a much more extraordinary person. One or two more such exploits and he'll be quite a lion.

Robert. He is now a caged whelp, at all events, and one fruitful source of apprehension is destroyed. We shall never be annoyed by him again!

Servant, [announces.] Don Alfonso de Castro!

Enter GAWTREY and PHILIP in elegant evening dress, L. 1 E.

Gaw. Of the Spanish Legation—My coadjutor, the Señor Medina.

[*Presenting PHILIP.*]

Mrs. B. What an elegant looking young man! What's the matter?

[*To LILBURNE.*]

Lord L. Nothing; an accidental resemblance.

Robert. Gentlemen, pray use no ceremony. The hospitalities of my humble house are at your service.

Gaw. Your excellency, we are oblige. [*bows.*] I speake not a moche of the English; my friend, not at all, but we tought it to be our duty to make a—our respect.

[*bows.*]

Robert. You do me much honor, sir. Pray make yourselves at home. [*They saunter through antechamber.*]

Lord L. Did you ever see those men before?

Robert. Never. Why do you ask?

Lord L. Are they accredited?

Robert. I can tell you in an instant. [*calls.*] Simpson?

Enter SIMPSON, L.

What cards did those gentlemen present?

Simpson. Here they are, sir. [*Giving cards.*]

Robert. Countersigned by the Spanish ambassador. I know his signature. It is all correct.

Lord L. Then I breathe freer! Come, let us join the guests.

[*They exeunt, c.*]

Enter GAWTREY and PHILIP, c.

Gaw. Ha! ha! haven't I tricked them famously? I saw that villain Lilburne's white heart leap into his face! He thought he recognized me, but the cards have assured him. I watched the scrutiny, penmanship is a wonderful accomplishment.

Philip. I am beneath his roof, with a curse against its possessors registered in my heart, and yet, if they restore me my brother, it will half obliterate the record.

Gaw. And, luckily, there he is, Philip. The toy begins to weary already. He is sauntering by himself, looking with wonder upon this unaccustomed grandeur.

Philip. [*goes to door.*] Sydney! my brother!

[*SYDNEY rushes into PHILIP's arms.*]

Syd. Oh! my dear, dear, Philip! I'm so glad you're here. Now we'll all be so happy. But they tell me that you are very, very wicked, and that I mustn't love you any more.

Philip. Do you hear, Gawtreys? Oh! is not that the work of devils, to poison his young heart against one, of whose very life he is the better part? You don't believe them, Sydney?

Syd. No. That I never will!

Philip. Bless you! bless you! my brother!

Enter LILBURNE, c.

Lord L. (R.) I thought as much! Mr. Philip Morton.

Gaw. [*Crosses R. c.*] Raise your voice above a whisper, and the Devil whom you have served for your whole, miserable life, will be your next host! I swear it, by the soul of her you turned from angel into fiend!

Enter ROBERT, c.

Robert. What confusion is this! Simpson, close the doors! I'm not desirous of a scene. [*To PHILIP.*] Insolent reprobate! How dare you presume to smuggle yourself into my house?

Philip. Robert Beaufort! you see one before you, to whom woe and wrong have given a prophetic power to guide the eye of forgetful fate to the roof of the oppressor. [*LILBURNE is sneaking off.*]

Gaw. Stir another footstep, and your grave is dug! You know me!

Philip. My brother! Give me but my brother, and you will never see or hear of me again.

Robert. No! Take away that boy. [*Servant advances to SYDNEY, PHILIP checks him and passes SYDNEY round to L.*] Begone, sir, before I send you back to the jail from whence you have escaped!

Philip. Jail! Escaped! What infamous coinage is this?

Robert. You cannot deceive me, sir, we know all, and it is only out of consideration for the honor of my outraged family, that I refrain from sending for the officers of justice!

Philip. Oh! world! world! When the cry is raised, what matter whether the hunted outcast is innocent or guilty! Fate and the future will yet answer this indignity, this *lie*, which even you do not believe! One word, and I am gone! Sydney, do you remain here of your own free will?

Robert. Absurd! why, certainly he does!

Philip. Silence, sir! I will have the answer from his own lips! Sydney! my brother!

Syd. I do, Philip. I am very happy here.

Philip. Enough! I'm satisfied! [*ROBERT leads SYDNEY off, R.*] This, then, is the crowning reward of all my sufferings, and all my love! The serpent's tooth has pierced my heart and left there all its venom.

Gaw. Come, you are young, have a great stake in life to play for, enter on the game with courage and determination.

Philip. Well, well, be it so, and I—I will never care for a human being again! Come, Gawtreys! France, India, the Antipodes, the further off the better. I am fit for anything that's desperate and hopeless. Conscience has fled from my soul on the wings of departed love!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Elegant Apartment in "The Temple of Hymen"—A large party assembled—GAWTREY as Maitre de Ceremonies, placing couples, &c., and when they retire—BLACKWELL disguised as English milord.*

Black. (R.) Ah! Sir, what tact, what delicacy. It is not without reason that you have acquired the title of Emperor of Marriage Makers.

Gaw. (L.) Monsieur is pleased to flatter. Yes; somehow my marriages turn out somewhat luckier than those brought about in the regular family way. I have a splendid array of names and fortunes on my list now. What did I understand Monsieur's specialite was with regard to personal charms?

Black. To speak the truth, Mr. Love, the only personal charms I covet, are personal property. The more the lady is endowed therewith, the more lovely will she appear in my eyes.

Gaw. And what may Monsieur's limit be with regard to age?

Black. Anywhere under a hundred.

Gaw. I think I can suit Monsieur Birney,—that is your name, I believe, sir,—to a charm. Mademoiselle de Courval, ancient and aristocratic, with a rent-roll of millions. She dates from the Carlovingians. I will present her to you. [*Aside.*] A sort of boiled sole on my hands for some time, but this money-hunter has a vigorous appetite. [*Retires to group at back.*]

Black. 'Tis he; I have found him at last. I knew him instantly, in spite of that benevolent head, fabricated for his present rôle. This will be news for my lord.

Gaw. [*Bringing forward a bedizened old Dowager.*] I have the honor to introduce, my Lord Birney—the Mademoiselle de Courval. A splendid chance, Madame.

Black. Enchanted; may I have the pleasure to engage your hand for the next dance? [*They go up.*]

Gaw. But where does Philip stay? He little knows, poor fellow, what use I make of him in my Hymenial Temple. He's my decoy—my stock in trade. I have promised him, and his grand estates, to some half-dozen of my most importunate clients. Ah! here he comes.

Enter PHILIP (c.) elegantly dressed.

Ah! my lord. Welcome.

Philip. Why do you salute me thus, Gaw——

Gaw. Hush; discretion.

Philip. I do not like it—it savors of deceit.

Gaw. Pshaw! Isn't every Englishman a milord here? It's a matter of course.

Philip. I have endured this life of inaction, and of almost shame, long enough. You have, hitherto, evaded my questions, as to how this retinue is kept up, but I have come here to-night to say, that if I do not have a satisfactory answer, we must part.

Gaw. Is it not enough that you live like a gentleman, and whatsoever of pitch may stick to those who enable you to do so, your hands are unsullied. What does it signify if you are not compromised; what need you care. [*BLACKWELL appears behind.*]

Philip. Gawtrey, I will, I must be convinced. It is criminal to walk thus in wilful blindness. You are deceiving me. What is your employment—for you have other besides this? Since your return to Paris, you are absent whole nights, at times. It makes me almost mad to look back—and yet, you do not trust me. Gawtrey, I am not too proud for charity, but for ——

Gaw. Crime—you were about to say—go on—don't mince your words with me.

Philip. Will you then trust me? You are engaged in a horrible traffic, of which this is a mere blind. I will not be silently entrapped to perdition. If I march thither, it shall be with my own consent. Trust me, at once, or we part to-morrow.

Gaw. Philip, be ruled. There are some secrets it is better not to know.

Philip. It matters not. I have come to my decision—I ask yours?

Gaw. Well, then, if it must be so—[*Blackwell gets behind curtain, near*—sooner or later it must have been, and I want a confidante. You are bold and will not shrink. You desire to know my occupation—will you witness it to night?

Philip. I am prepared—to-night.

Gaw. You will have to take an oath, and I must be responsible with my life for your honesty.

Philip. And can you not?

Gaw. Without a scruple. Well—retire early; and at midnight meet me at No. 25, Passage de Fleur Rue, and you will know all. Meantime, be joyous, and let the hours fly in merriment. Above all things, be a little more attentive to the female visitors, they complain sadly of your coldness. [*Ladies looking at PHILIP.*

Philip. Pshaw! Their rude glances annoy me.

Gaw. You'll see an old friend of yours to-night. Plaskwith, the bookseller—more convinced than ever of his Napoleonic identity, which I have contrived a plan to encourage. [*PHILIP retires—Several ladies rush forward towards GAWTREY.*] One at a time, my beautiful rose-buds. Well, Ma'mselle, what is it?

Lady. The dear young lord—you remember?

Gaw. Has been sounding your praises in my ears. You will triumph. [*To another.*] It's nearly settled—a slight question of pin-money only—congratulate yourself, you are the chosen one—they must all wear the willow except you. A carriage—It is his Majesty. [*All Advance.*] You remember what I told you? We shall have a fine diversion.

Enter PLASKWITH, (C.) in a Napoleon uniform—All the people retire deferentially.

Plask. Well, Mr. Love, my High Priest of Hymen, here I am, you see, in full fig—a jolly widower, you know—plenty of money, all I want is a sweet little darling to help me make it fly happily; I've adopted your hint, you see—makes the resemblance perfect. Don't you think so?

Gaw. It is absolute identity! Did it never occur to you that some inconvenience, if not danger, might occur from this extraordinary likeness?

Plask. Danger! Good gracious. No—it never entered my head.

Gaw. The Emperor is at St. Helena, to be sure, but rumors of his escape from thence are rife. Now, should any zealous Bourbonite encounter you.

Plask. You're right, my friend—it might be serious. What's the matter with all the people?

Gaw. I shouldn't be surprised if they took you to be the Emperor in reality. Humor the joke—it can't do you any harm here.

Plask. They do look upon me with great respect. Upon my life, the sensation is quite intoxicating!

[*Walks about—great respect shown by the crowd—exclamations of—*

“It is he!” “I'm sure of it,” &c.

An Officer. (down R.) [*Aside to PLASK.*] Where, sire—where is the Sun of Austerlitz?

Plask. (c.) How the devil do I know? Gone home to his mother, I suppose.

1st Guest. (down L.) How heroic, yet how imprudent this exposure.

Plask. Do you think so?

Guest. Yes! there are Bourbons in the room.

Plask. Have we a Bourbon amongst us?

2d Guest. (down R.) Traitor and usurper!—tremble!

Plask. Don't be a fool! What for?

1st Guest. You have rushed into the lion's jaws.

Plask. Then I sincerely hope the beast won't wag his tail.

Gaw. Now, Messieurs et Mesdames, 'tis time to have a good game. What say you to Colin Maillard—what you English call Blind Man's Buff. [*All cry "Bravo! yes!" Ladies clap their hands, &c.*] Who'll blind? [*All—"I! I!"*] No, no; the choice must go regularly. [*Bus.*] The choice has fallen upon his ma—I mean this gentleman.

Voices. Will he condescend?

Plask. If I must, I must, I suppose; but woe betide the damsel I catch! I'll take my revenge from her lips, I'll warrant me. [*Bus. blinded.*] Are you ready?

Six horses in the stable—

Three white and three grey;

Turn about as fast as you're able,

And now, catch who may.

[*After a short go at blind man's buff, the gents all go off, L. 1 R.—women scream—"The soldiers! The soldiers!"*]

Gaw. [*To PLASK.*] Keep your face concealed, or you are lost. This cloak will cover you. [*Then, in altered voice, as GUESTS march across with measured step.*] Halt! front! let none stir on their peril. Ground arms!

[*They let fall brooms, shovels, &c.—PLASKWITH is seized at back, and cloak taken off.*]

Gaw. Audacious tyrant!

Plask. It's a mistake, upon my life and soul.

Gaw. Tie the bandage firmer on his eyes, it will save time. Remain there, shoot him, if he dares to stir. What is the opinion of Monsieur Le General? [*They consult together—"No! no!"*] I tell you, yes! Would you not rid the world of a wolf? Death, at once, I say!

Plask. What's that? Oh, this is frightful! I have my passport in my pocket. I protest against this. My name is Plaskwith! [*Kneels.*]

Gaw. Silence! Get up.

Plask. Oh, my gracious! This is awful! What are you going to do to me?

Gaw. Remember the fate of D'Enghein?

Plask. What the devil had I to do with it? I'm an Englishman, and a stationer. Great Britain always protects her stationers. There'll be a bloody war on my account, mark my words.

Gaw. Silence!

Plask. I shan't! I'll be hanged if I do!

Gaw. No—you'll be shot!

Plask. Stop a bit. Is there no getting out of this?

Gaw. No!

Plask. It's a settled thing that I must be shot?

Gaw. Yes!

Plask. Then, damme, if I don't die game! Come on.

[He pugilises, until two confine his wrists]

Gaw. March!

Plask. I shan't stir a peg.

Gaw. Advance bayonets.

Plask. Be quiet; I'll march. Ah, this is a pretty end to all my second-hand greatness!

Gaw. Don't talk. [*PLASKWITH is placed in situation,*] Kneel down.

Plask. I shan't!

Gaw. You must!

[They force him on knees.]

Plask. You'll smart for this, you murderous scoundrels, that's a comfort. Why don't you fire, you bloodthirsty ruffians?

Gaw. Make ready!

Plask. Stop a bit; I'm not in a hurry.

Gaw. Present! Fire!

[An explosion of laughter—the bandage snatched off—PLASKWITH looking around bewildered, shakes his fist at them, and runs off stage.]

Gaw. Ha! ha! a little instalment of your old debt, Philip.

[All laugh. Closed in.]

SCENE II — *Private office of Police.*

Enter FAVARE, BLACKWELL and LORD LILBURNE, R. H.

Favare. (*ANDRE enters, L. 2 E., and arranges seats, &c.*) We are now alone, my lord, and can converse freely. Have you tracked your fugitive?

Lord L. Thanks to my indefatigable friend, I have, at last.

Favare. Let's hear all about it.

Black. Do you happen to know a certain Mr. Love, a marriage merchant?

Favare. Ha! ha! Is *he* your man? He has been among the suspicious for some time. What accusation have you against him?

Lord L. Nothing, actually, of myself; but he has so deeply injured one of my relatives, that if any law can reach him, I will pay liberally for its most rigid construction. That he has offended, there can not be a doubt, for I know him to be capable of any atrocity!

Favare. Humph! It's somewhat dangerous without criminality. Have you watched him thoroughly?

Black. Night and day; but he is as keen sighted as a fox. To-night, I know, he has made an appointment to be at No. 25 Passage de Fleur Rue, at midnight.

Favare. What say you? At No. 25 Passage de Fleur Rue! One moment. [*Refers to tablets.*] Hurrah! We have him! Fool that I was, not to know. I am to be there to-night.

Lord L. He *has* committed crime, then? The worst, I hope?

Favare. The most unpardonable, commercially. He is no other

than one who has eluded the vigilance of all our experts, the celebrated Girameau, the most skilful and audacious coiner in the world.

Lord L. Whose punishment is death!

Favare. Or worse—life at the galleys.

Lord L. He'd get away. No, no, he must die!

Black. But I have another surprise for you. Who, think you, is his accomplice? Why, that same Philip Morton who gave Mr. Beaufort so much uneasiness.

Lord L. Fortune be thanked—then we crush both our enemies at once. Have you taken your measures securely?

Favare. You don't know me, my lord, or you wouldn't ask. I'll convince you, however. Just step into this closet for a few moments. Ho! Andre!

ANDRE enters, 2 E. L.

Send that unknown to me who waits in my office. You can overhear our conversation, and judge for yourself.

Enter GASPARD.

Now, my friend, you understand the terms of our compact?

Gasp. Twenty thousand francs, and a free pardon.

Favare. Nothing more reasonable. Still, my friend, I should like to have my men close at hand. This will be a dangerous experiment.

Gasp. You knew the danger beforehand. You must enter alone with me, or not at all. The men are sworn to murder him who betrays them, and not for twenty times twenty thousand francs would I have them know me as the informer.

Favare. Now for our design. I disguise myself as a workman, and you are to introduce me as a skilful operator. That's it, isn't it?

Gasp. Yes; if you feel sure of your disguise, all is safe.

Favare. Don't fear me; I'm used to it, and although this fellow has seen me often, I defy him to detect me when I change my outward appearance.

Gasp. I had better join the gang—further delay would be suspicious. You know the door—when I whistle, knock three times. You'll have to take a terrible oath, but I suppose you don't mind that?

Favare. No more than you do, my honest friend. Enough. I'll meet you. Au revoir! [*He opens door, GASPARD exits R.*]

Enter LORD LILBURNE and BLACKWELL.

You see, my lord, the trap is cunningly set; and yet these old rats are hard to cheat.

Lord L. Remember, Monsieur Favare, five hundred pounds are yours if he is taken alive—*double*, if he should by any accident be killed in the endeavor. You must be paid for your risk.

Favare. My lord takes a business-like view of the matter.

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Coiner's vault—Men seen in various occupations—A Table across Stage, on which are pistols, knives, &c.—A book of accounts and drinking materials—A Forge in blast, lighted with torches—PHILIP blindfolded and GAWTREY descend steps—GAWTREY removes bandage—PHILIP stands appalled.*

Coiners. Who is this new comer? Has he taken the oath?

Gaw. [down R. C.] No. [They rush towards them.] But I am answerable for him with my life. [Coiners retire.]

Philip. (R.) Gawtreys.

Gaw. Hush! I bade you not to call me by that name.

Philip. It is the least guilty one by which I have known you. It is the last time I shall call you by it or any other. I demanded to see by what means, one, to whom I had entrusted my fate, supported himself. I see it now, and the tie between us is rent for ever. [GAWTREY about to speak.] Interrupt me not. It is not for me to blame you, for I have eaten of your bread and drank of your cup, confiding in you too blindly—my conscience seared by distress, my very soul made dormant by despair, I now awake at the very brink of the abyss—my mother's hand beckons to me from the grave. Let me return—we part now and forever.

Gaw. Part—That I may let loose upon the world another traitor. Part—Never, Philip Morton, at least, alive.

Philip. I have said it. Frown not on me, man of guilt, I am as fearless as yourself.

Gaw. Ha! Is it so? Slave and fool, once here, you're mine, body and soul, forever.

Philip. Tempter and fiend, I defy you. Stand back.

Gaw. Boy—do not rouse the devil within me.

Philip. You dare not harm me, for you gave me shelter and bread; but I implore you to abandon this horrible career into which you have been decoyed,—for her sake, for Fanny's sake. Pause, like me, before the gulf swallows us; let us fly together. Men, desperate as we are, have yet risen by honest means—the honorable career of arms is open to us. You are moved—I see you are. It is not my voice that speaks—it is that of your good angel.

Gaw. Morton, you can go—leave me to my fate. I could repent, I could begin life over again—after this night perhaps, I may; but yet, to look back, to remember, to be haunted day and night with deeds that shall meet me bodily, and face to face at the last day.

Philip. Add not to the spectres. Come with me now—remember your orphan charge.

Gaw. Morton, you have touched a chord within my soul that I thought was long since shattered. I will go with you, after this night. There's my hand upon it.

Philip. Then I'll remain with you until you quit this accursed place for ever. [Three loud knocks, upper D. F. L.]

Gaw. Hush! [To a Coiner.] Who is that? Is any one out?

Coiner. Yes—Gaspard. Did he not tell you? He has found out the cleverest hand in France—he has promised to bring him here to-night.

Gaw. Yes, I remember. Gaspard is a famous decoy. It was he that persuaded me into this damnable traffic; let him in. [Coiner lets down bar and opens door.] Come, let us leave off work, and welcome our new brother.

All. Hurrah.

[All collect at Table—GAWTREY at head—GASPARD comes down steps.]

Gaw. Where's your booty, mon brave? We only coin money, you coin men,—stamp with your own seal, and send them current to the devil. [*A laugh.*]

Gaspard. If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jacques Girammaud, he waits without. He knows the oaths, and will bear the penalty.

Gaw. Admit him.

[*Bus.* GASPARD opens door and secretes the bar—FAVARE in mechanic's dress, enters—A patch on FAVARE's eye.

Diable, Monsieur Girammaud; but you look more like Vulcan than Adonis.

Favare. I don't know anything about Vulcan, but I know how to make five franc pieces.

Gaw. Are you poor?

Favare. As a church mouse.

Gaw. Ah! that's the only thing belonging to a church, that is poor. But who responds with his life for your fidelity?

Gaspard. I do.

Gaw. Enough. Administer the oath. [*Coiners seize him and make him kneel.*] Come, Gaspard, it is for you to inform your friend of the penalty.

Gasp. For me! Oh, yes—to be sure! Death to your wife, your son and grandson, if you betray us!

Favare. I have neither son, nor grandson, and as to my wife, parbleu! 'tis more of a bribe than a threat!

Gaw. You are the man for us. Drink to our new comrade, lads! [*They all go up to table, L. K.*]

Omnes. Hurrah!

Gaw. Now, let us test your skill, Mons. Girammaud.

Favare. Show me your coinage, first. [*One brought.*] This piece is not bad—struck from an iron die, but you take the poorest, and most dangerous part of the trade—the home market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much, and with safety. Here's a Spanish dollar. You can pass thousands of these all over Europe.

[*Flings it on table.*]

Gaw. It rings well! [*All examine it.*] “Bravo! Good!” You are indeed an acquisition, and deserve the post of honor. Come to my right hand, mon ami. A half holiday for your welcome! Clearaway these infernal instruments, and more wine! A full glass, friends, to our dear Gaspard, who has brought us this clever associate! It is somewhat strange, however, that so dexterous a coiner should be known to none of us but the fortunate Gaspard.

Favare. Not at all. I worked only for Beauchan, and he trusted but one or two.

Gaw. C'est just, bouvez done cher ami! you had a bad accident, Mons. Girammaud. How did you lose your eye?

Favare. In a scuffle with the cursed gens d'armes! Such accidents are on the cards, you know.

Gaw. C'est juste, bouvez done, Mons. Girammaud! You wear a wig; I think, Monsieur, to judge by your eye-lashes, your own hair has been a handsomer color?

Favare. We seek disguise, not beauty, my host.

Gaw. C'est juste, buvez done, vieux Renard. When did we two meet last?

Favare. Never, that I know of.

Gaw. C'est n'est pas vrai, buvez done, *Monsieur Favare!* Ho! there! Treason!

[*Confusion. Desperate struggle. FAVARE whistles. He is stricken down by coiners.*]

Gaw. Quick! the bar! give it to me! Morton, be firm and quiet, you have nought to fear! [*Places bar against entrance.*] The rest escape by the secret passage!

Philip. Let me assist you, Gawtreys! I am strong!

Gaw. Back, Philip! I command you! I can hold this against them for an hour. [*A shot. GAWTREY is wounded through door.*]

Philip. Heavens! You are wounded!

Gaw. Through this traitorous door; but it's nothing! Hurrah! my men, be quick!

[*Just as the last coiner escapes through opening in wall, a discharge of fire-arms. GAWTREY falls down stairway. Gens d'armes rush in.*]

Gaw. Ha! ha! ha! Tricked! foiled! They've all escaped but one, and he will soon be out of your reach! His innocence can be established, without the word of a dying felon! Philip, forgive me! Fanny—will you protect her?

Philip. With my life, Gawtreys!

Gaw. Hurrah! Then death is triumph! Philip—take her portrait from my breast—hold it where I can look my last—so—

[*Kisses portrait and dies.*]

TABLEAU. SLOW MUSIC.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

(TEN YEARS LATER.)

The Cottage at Ferndale—handsome Apartment.

Enter LORD LILBURNE and BLACKWELL, L. II.

Lord L. These Beauforts weary me, Blackwell. I wish to heaven they would bring their visit to a termination. This girl who interests me so much, have you seen her, Blackwell?

Black. Yes, my lord; but they tell me she is quite an idiot.

Lord L. Pshaw! They are idiots who tell you so.

Black. Scarcely worthy of your notice—a poor——

Lord L. Yes, I know she's poor, and for that reason the affair can be easily managed. You remember the saying of Philip, King of Macedon, if not, I'll bring it to your mind. Lead an ass, with a panner of gold through the gates of a city, and all the sentinels will run away.

Black. My lord, you flatter me by the inference.

Lord L. Yes, perhaps I should have added, let the conductor be a thorough-paced and conscienceless knave.

Black. Your lordship pays a compliment to my profession.

Lord L. Enough, sir, I know you! This limb pains me still, and I was scarce twenty-one when I became a cripple for life; but he died, shot as a man would shoot a rat; he died ten years ago this very day, an outcast, a felon, a murderer! I blasted his name, destroyed his mistress—and what am I?

Black. John Lord Lilburne.

Lord L. Blackwell, when I take a thing into my head, you know I'm not to be thwarted. You know, also, that I do not pay like a niggard for services rendered. This girl must be mine! It is not passion that I feel towards her—pshaw! I am too old for that—but a feeling nearer to affection that has ever entered here! Blackwell, I want something to love me.

Black. But, my lord, the girl is well known in the place—she will be missed, and if any violence is done, the law——

Lord L. The law! And have you the laughable audacity to speak to me about that gossamer web—you, whose whole life has been a practical test of its flimsiness. Hark ye, Blackwell, I have spent my existence—as thousands have—in doing just what I please, without ever putting myself within the power of the law. The difference between vice and crime is this: vice is what parsons write hurtless discourses against—crime is what we make laws against. Now, I have exhausted the catalogue of the former without ever infringing the latter.

Black. Your lordship has been skilful.

Lord L. Vices are safe things, you know, but crimes are illegal, therefore dangerous; so have done with your scruples: besides, I am meditating a longer and more serious attachment than usual. I want a friend—a companion.

Black. A companion, my lord, in this poor creature, so ignorant, so uneducated.

Lord L. So much the better; I am heart-sick of those petty piteous conceits, that men, women, and children, call knowledge. I would fain catch a glimpse of nature before I die! But here come my pests. Be discreet, and above all, be victorious. I won't be balked.

[*Exit, R.*]

Black. He has me in his power, and I dare not refuse. Ah! what would I not give to cancel this soul-purchase?

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Cottage Interior.*

Enter FANNY, R., with basket of Flowers.

Fanny. Nearly a day has passed, and I have brought no new flowers to deck yonder tomb. My brother—my dear brother will chide me. [*Going towards D. F.; is intercepted by BLACKWELL, who enters.*]

Enter BLACKWELL.

Black. Good day, Miss Fanny; where are you going with these pretty flowers?

Fanny. To place them on the tomb in yonder churchyard.



Black. Oh, it is you, then, who take so much pains with Mrs. Morton's resting-place.

Fanny. My dear brother told me to do so, long ago, and I have not forgotten it.

Black. You're a very nice good little girl, Fanny. This is a new business for me and I scarcely know how to set about it. Wouldn't you like to live in a finer house than this, Fanny?

Fanny. Oh, no; it is the one he gave me to live in with my grandfather, when my poor father died abroad. I wouldn't change it for a palace; but who are you? Go from me, sir, I don't know you!

Black. But I have been sent to speak to you, by one who does know you. He has sent his carriage for you—'tis elose at hand.

Fanny. I don't want a carriage. Don't hinder me; I must place these flowers there, or my brother will be angry. How dare you touch me!

Black. See! look at all this money; it, and ten times as much, shall be yours!

Fanny. I don't know what you mean, but you won't be rude to me? No one is rude to me!

Black. No one will be rude to you! If you knew how much he, who sent me, loves you.

Fanny. I'm glad of that, for if he does, he will let me place these flowers.

Black. You don't know what you refuse. Come.

Fanny. No, no, no!

Enter PHILIP.

Philip. Blackwell, here; to what circumstance, or what knavish end, does this young lady owe the honor of a visit from you, sir?

Black. Just passing bye, Mr. Morton, that's all. Christian sympathy, etcetera, nothing more, upon my professional veracity: sorry for all your troubles, sir.

Philip. Pah!

[*Goes to FANNY.*

Black. This is somewhat malapropos, but I know how to lure him out; my as-istants are at hand—good dependable knaves. Sir, be assured that I sincerely commiserate with your unhappy fortune.

Philip. (p.) Away, hound! and keep out of my path. I know you.

Black. Beware! the hound may bite.

[*Exit.*

Fanny. Dear Philip, grandpapa is asleep, and dear old Sarah watches by his bedside. Are you in pain, brother?

Philip. No, Fanny, no; 'tis but the shadow of my evil destiny which meets me whenever I near the threshold of my lost home. [*Chimes, R. H. Joy Bells.*] Ah! those bells! I hail them as a happy omen. Who can say that hope lies dead within him, while a just Heaven exists?

Fanny. See, brother, I have learnt all those songs you left with me. I like them, brother, for they say what my heart thinks. There's life and joy even in this silent paper.

Philip. Ah! Fanny, do you know that upon a mere serap of paper, if I could find it, depends my happiness and my mother's honor?

Fanny. I would bless Heaven all my days, could I but give it to you, Philip. Why do those bells ring so merrily?

Philip. It is for a wedding, Fanny.

Fanny. Are all happy who wed, brother?

Philip. If they love, and their love continue. Conceive the happiness, Fanny, to know some one person dearer than your own self—one person, who, if all the rest of the world calumniate or forsake you, would only cling to you the closer, in sickness, in poverty, and in care, from whom, except by death, night or day you may never be divided—who has no tears while *you* are happy. Fanny, such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel, that there is no bond on earth so tender, and so sublime. [*Noise of scuffling outside*—"Murder! Help! help!" PHILIP goes to window.] One man set upon by so many! Remain here a few moments, Fanny—I will soon return. [*Exit, D. F.*]

Fanny. Ah! they run from him, and he pursues them! Noble, good brother, my prayers will keep you from harm. Sarah, I want to speak to you.

Enter SARAH, 1 E. R.

Sarah, do you know what those bells are ringing for?

Sarah. Dear heart alive, yes. It is for young Waldron's wedding. They have been a long time sweethearting.

Fanny. Were you ever married, Sarah?

Sarah. Lor bless you, yes, and a very good husband I had, poor man; but he's dead these many years, and if you hadn't taken me, I must have gone to the workus.

Fanny. He is dead—and wasn't it very hard to live after that, Sarah?

Sarah. The Lord strengthens the hearts of widders, Miss Fanny. Natur's very mysterious, and it's wonderful what we can go through with when we're obligated so to do.

Fanny. Did you marry your brother, Sarah?

Sarah. Mercy on us! you musn't talk in that way—it's quite heathenish.

Fanny. Ha! then it is wrong—I was afraid of it. Are you sure it's wrong, Sarah?

Sarah. 'Ord a mercy, Miss, why, you're like a baby unborn.

Fanny. But he is *not* my brother, after all.

Sarah. Ah, fie, Miss! you're letting your pretty head run upon that fine handsome gentleman who was here just now. Oh, Miss Fanny, you'll break your heart if you goes for to fancy any such thing!

Fanny. Any what?

Sarah. Why, for to go for to think that gentleman will marry you. He must be a very wicked man. I see, now, why he comes here; but I'll speak to him, that I will—I'll tell him a bit of my mind.

Fanny. Sarah, I hate you, if of *him* you speak—my brother—no, not my brother. You have made me very miserable, and I won't speak to you again—that I won't. [*Crosses, R.*] Oh, forgive me, Sarah—kiss me—there—I don't know what I'm saying! I'm fool-

ish—very foolish—but why can't he marry me? There—don't answer me—it's all past—past for ever. [*Weeps, and exits into room, R.*]

Sarah. My poor, dear, innocent lamb, Heaven watch over and protect you from all the snares of this wicked world.

[*Exit into opposite room.*]

Men cautiously enter with BLACKWELL.

Black. Ha, ha, my ruse succeeded—the fellows have led him a precious dance. There's the room—be expeditious.

[*MEN and BLACKWELL exit into room. FANNY screams—Noise, R. H.*]

SARAH Entering.

What do I see—my dear young lady carried off? They place her in a carriage! Who could have done this terrible wickedness?

Enter PHILIP, D. L.

Philip. What's the matter? What has happened. Speak.

Sarah. Oh, Mr. Philip. They have taken her away.

Philip. Who—who? You torture me.

Sarah. I don't know—the carriage has just driven off.

Philip. In which direction?

Sarah. There—to the right.

Philip. Go and calm the old man's fears. She shall be rescued. Oh, Lilburne, if, as my heart presages, this outrage is your work, look well about you, for I am on your track. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Library at Ferndale—LILBURNE and BLACKWELL discovered.*

Lilburne. There—let that steep your wakeful conscience in Lethe. [*Gives money.*] Have you sent Harriet up to the girl and secured the doors? That's right—I'll see her by-and-by. What's this you tell me about young Morton being her lover.

Black. I can scarcely doubt it, in which case, it would be prudent to be on your guard; he is a desperate character.

Lilburne. How long has he been in the neighborhood?

Black. For some time, I believe. He certainly makes frequent visits to old Gawtreys's cottage.

Enter ROBERT BEAUFORT, R.

Robert. Lilburne—Morton has arrived.

Lil. Morton—Beaufort, you mean?

Robert. Don't torture me.

Lil. How are his circumstances? Have you found out anything about him?

Black. All I could learn was, that he is in some way connected with the suite of the celebrated Colonel De Vaudemont, whose famous deeds in the late war have made him the lion of the day.

Lil. Ha! that's fortunate, for I expect the Colonel here with some of my city friends this evening. This Morton is probably a servant or hanger-on; we can soon manage to have him sent adrift. By the

way, Blackwell, just see if that bookseller, Plaskwith, the man he robbed, is come. I sent for him; if so, tell him to come here. [*Exit BLACK.*] His testimony, with that of Blackwell and myself, will suffice, if not to hang the dog, to send him back to a French prison. I have reasons to fear, and hate the scoundrel, he has secrets of mine that make him dangerous—as for you, you must compass heaven and earth to convict him, for you know he is the rightful owner of the property you hold, and if by any chance the fellow could find a friend who thoroughly understands the matter, the arrears of his rent which you have enjoyed, will send you to jail for your life. Ah! here is our excellent friend, Mr. Plaskwith.

Enter PLASKWITH, L.

Robert. Pray be seated, my dear sir.

Plask. You sent for me on a matter of importance, Mr. Beaufort.

Robert. Yes, Mr. Plaskwith, you, I believe, entertain friendly feelings towards myself and my family?

Plask. Verily, I now entertain such feelings for the universe. It is ten years since my belligerent qualities suddenly evaporated, and were succeeded by the lamb-like et ceteras which now animate this tender heart.

Lil. You remember one Morton, who did you a serious injury about that time?

Plask. The lad Morton? I do remember a bright —

Lil. A reckless scapegrace, who plundered you and then ran off.

Plask. It is not for me to contradict your lordship.

Robert. This fellow has returned, and he who would convict him, as you can, would merit my eternal gratitude, and much more than I dare mention.

Lil. Pshaw! There's nothing like being above board. Plaskwith, this man must be disgraced. Wouldn't £500 be liberal payment for so doing?

Plask. Most liberal, my lord, I should say.

Robert. You understand us then?

Plask. I think I do, sir.

Lil. And will you undertake it?

Plask. I will. [*ROBERT shakes his hand warmly—A noise without.*]

Enter BROWN, R.

Robert. What's the matter, Brown?

Brown. The heaviest misfortune, sir, that ever fell upon this house, except one, and this is so like it. Oh! prepare—prepare yourself, sir, for a terrible blow.

Lil. Go on, fool.

Brown. Young Mr. Arthur, sir.

Robert. My son! Oh, Heaven! What fearful accident! Dead!

Brown. No, sir,—but, I fear very near it. He was thrown from his horse, and has just been carried to his room.

Robert. Oh, ambition! oh, contrivance, schemes, perfidy and crime, this is the reward you've brought me in the end! He, for whom I

bartered my soul's happiness, snatched from me! Oh! my son! my son!

[*Exeunt* ROBERT, LILBURNE, and BROWN.]

Plask. This looks like retribution.

[*A knock.*

Fanny. [*Within.*] I shall die! I shall die! Oh! take me home to my poor room—away from this!

Plask. Hallo! I've done with adventures, to be sure, but never be it said, &c., &c., female in distress. Who are you? what brings you here?

Fanny. They have brought me here against my will!

Plask. Have they? "The man that shrinks, &c., &c." Where are the ruffians? let them come on! Come out, injured innocence!

Fanny. I can't, the door is locked.

Plask. Pooh! to the daring and adventurous, what are locks, bolts, and bars? They fly asunder! [*Kicks door open.*] Why, is it you, my poor, innocent wanderer? There's something wrong in earnest! Have you been brought here against your will?

Fanny. Oh, yes, yes, take me away!

Plask. Wait a moment, the majesty of the law must be regarded. Wait here while I go and arm myself with a magistrate's warrant, and then we'll see whether this dear land of freedom will allow such liberties to be taken.

Fanny. Oh! my brother! if he were here! My poor, blind grandfather, what must he think?

Plask. Dispatch a missive—write a line, just to say you're safe! I'll take it.

Fanny. Oh! thanks, thanks! there's no paper! ha! what's this?

[*Touches spring.*

Plask. What is it? A secret drawer! Only one bit of paper in it, just enough. There, write on that.

[*Fanny writing.*

Fanny. My brother! were you but here.

Plask. Who is your brother?

Fanny. No, not my brother, but Philip.

Plask. He, whom men call Philip Morton? I'll find him for thee. I owe him much reparation for a wrong done long since. Cheer thee, my imprisoned one, thou shalt be delivered, I swear; I mean, I affirm it. Free thee I shall, or perish in the attempt! [*Exit* D. U. E. R.]

Fanny. Voices! Some one approaches! Where shall I conceal myself?

[*Gets behind large chair.*

Enter LILBURNE and ROBERT, R. 1 E.

Lord L. Pshaw! I tell you there is every hope of Arthur's recovery; but who will reanimate your dead honor if you do not manfully meet the crisis which is likely to ensue.

Robert. Philip! alas! he might have all could he bring life to my son.

Lord L. You're a weak hearted fool. You must defy him! you have possession, power, wealth upon your side. [*FANNY tries to gain door which LILBURNE had opened.*] Ha! my pretty runaway; no, no, you've cost me too much to let you escape so easily.

Robert. For shame, Lilburne, is this a time or place?

Lord L. Well, I would rather not have had a witness; but there's

sufficient glass in your house to keep you from throwing stones at mine.

Fanny. If you are a man, if you fear heaven, let me go back, you must.

Lord L. Oh dear no; I wouldn't think of such a thing.

Fanny. Oh! Philip! Philip! where are you?

Lord L. Philip! Is it for the sake of such a miserable outcast that you spurn me and my protection? So much the better, as it only adds more strength to my determination. You would know where he is? learn it from me: he is in the hands of that justice which he has outraged—a condemned and utterly degraded criminal!

Servant. [announces, u. e. l.] Colonel Count de Vaudemont.

Enter PHILIP.

Philip. Fanny.

Fanny. Philip.

[*They embrace.*]

Robert. Morton!

Philip. No, not exactly Morton, but the Count Philip de Vaudemont, Colonel in the French army; or if you like it better, Philip Beaufort!

Robert. Arthur dying, Philip returned; this is indeed a terrible retribution.

Lord L. [*To ROBERT.*] Are you mad? This maudlin folly will ruin you and all. Still irresolute—then I must act for you. Ho there! Seize that escaped felon and accomplice of murderers! Where are the officers I sent for?

Plask. Here they are, my lord, just in the nick of time.

Enter OFFICERS.

Being a man of peace, I have surrounded myself with legal authorities, even as the timid hedgehog is fenced about with bristles.

Lord L. Away with him out of our sight. [*They offer to seize PHILIP.*]

Plask. Oh no! Bless me, that's quite a mistake. There are the folks you are to seize.

[*Pointing to LILBURNE.*]

Lord L. Fool! what means this?

Plask. Don't lose your temper; you'll have need of it all presently. I accuse John Lord Lilburne and his delectable brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Beaufort, of feloniously conspiring to defraud this young gentleman out of his lawful property; and furthermore, of unsuccessfully endeavoring to make me as bad as themselves.

Lord L. This is mere childish folly. What proof?

Plask. 'Tis here. To calm her grandfather's fears, this dear girl wrote him a few lines on a scrap of paper.

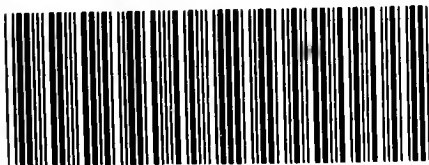
Philip. Ha! Go on!

Plask. Found in a secret drawer of that bureau. Here it is.

Fanny. Found by me—by me, Philip.

Plask. What do you suppose it was, and is, Mr. Robert Beaufort? Look at it. An examined certificate of the marriage of Philip Beaufort and Catherine his wife.

Philip. [*Kneels before picture of his mother, which is conspicuous.*]



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Look yonder, Robert Beaufort. Her name is spotless. I stand again beneath a roof that was my father's—the heir of Beaufort! Now tell me, Fanny, has that dog——?

Fanny. No harm has come to me, dear Philip.

Philip. Those words have saved his miserable life. Had wrong chanced to you, I would have rent him where he stands, limb from limb. [LORD LILBURNE motions him to go out and fight.] Oh, sir, there are no duels for me but with men of honor.

Lord L. Pin him down to his generosity—it's your only choice. As for me, I am beyond either his clemency or revenge, and can afford to look upon and despise the successful vagabond whose antecedents will give him so enviable a position in society, and so farewell, Count Coiner!

Plask. Stop a bit. During my recent peaceful avocations, since I have laid down the sword and taken up the pen, I have had leisure to dip a little into law, and it strikes me that the endeavor to bribe an honest man into the commission of a felonious act is little less than felony itself.—Officer, attend to his lordship.

Lord L. You shall pay dearly for this.

Plask. I think not—but if you don't take precious good care, you'll be— [Makes signs of hanging, etc.]

Lord L. Pshaw!

[Exit LORD L., followed by officer.]

Philip. Fanny, dear Fanny, it was through your hands that Heaven sent me this great mercy, and here, before her image, whose honor you have saved, I woo you for my wife—mine, not for a season, but for ever—even when the graves are opened and the earth shrivels like a scroll. [Shouts outside—joy bells ring.]

Enter BROWN and several farmers, &c.

Brown. I did it, Master Philip; I told old sexton to ring out.—A cheer, friends, to welcome back Mr. Philip Beaufort to his own home. [Shouts.]

Plask. [To BEAUFORT.] Do you hear that? They ain't much overcome at losing you.

Philip. And now, Fanny my wife, chastened by much suffering, subdued by great adversity, life has but one thought for me, and that is to watch thy onward path and smooth it to your footsteps. My mother's pure and guileless name cleared of the foul taint, my cup of happiness is filled to overflowing: my brother blessed, too, in his abundant love restored to me.—Let not the patient heart despair for that the wrong be still unrighted. Hope on—strive ever. Time, Faith, Energy to guide, restrain and instigate, you may safely trust to the great balance whose index swings in heaven, the slow moving wheel of destiny will revolve at last, and the long dreadful Night change into a bright and glorious Morning.

[Joy bells—Shouts—And music in orchestra as curtain falls.]

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